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THE
ENTHUSIAST:
OR, THE
Lover of Nature.
A POEM.



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THE
ENTHUSIAST.

OR, THE
LOVER OF NATURE.

A POEM.

Rure vero barbaroque lætatur. MARTIAL.

————— *Ut! mihi devio*
Rupes, & vacuum Nemus
Mirari libet! ——— HORACE.



L O N D O N :

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M. D. CC. XLIV.

THE
FATHER OF THE
FUTURE

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FUTURE



THE
LOVER
OF
NATURE, &c.



Y E green-rob'd *Dryads*, oft' at dusky Eve
By wondering Shepherds seen, to Forests
To unfrequented Meads, and pathless ^{brown,} Wilds,
Lead me from Gardens deckt with Art's vain Pomps.
Can gilt Alcoves, can Marble-mimic Gods,
Parterres embroider'd, Obelisks, and Urns
Of high Relief; can the long, spreading Lake,
Or Vista lessening to the Sight; can *Stow*

B

With

With all her *Attic* Fanes, such Raptures raise,
 As the Thrush-haunted Copse, where lightly leaps
 The fearful Fawn the rustling Leaves along,
 And the brisk Squirrel sports from Bough to Bough,
 While from an hollow Oak the busy Bees
 Hum drowsy Lullabies? The Bards of old,
 Fair Nature's Friends, sought such Retreats, to charm
 Sweet *Echo* with their Songs; oft' too they met,
 In Summer Evenings, near sequester'd Bow'rs,
 Or Mountain-Nymph, or Muse, and eager learnt
 The moral Strains she taught to mend Mankind.
 As to a secret Grot *Ægeria* stole
 With Patriot *Numa*, and in silent Night
 Whisper'd him sacred Laws, he list'ning sat
 Rapt with her virtuous Voice, old *Tyber* leant
 Attentive on his Urn, and hush'd his Waves.

Rich in her weeping Country's Spoils *Versailles*
 May boast a thousand Fountains, that can cast
 The tortur'd Waters to the distant Heav'ns;
 Yet let me choose some Pine-topt Precipice
 Abrupt and shaggy, whence a foamy Stream,

Like

Like *Anio*, tumbling roars ; or some bleak Heath,
 Where straggling stand the mournful Juniper,
 Or Yew-tree scath'd ; while in clear Prospect round,
 From the Grove's Bosom Spires emerge, and Smoak
 In bluish Wreaths ascends, ripe Harvests wave,
 Herds low, and Straw-rooft Cott's appear, and Streams
 Beneath the Sun-beams twinkle-----The shrill Lark,
 That wakes the Wood-man to his early Task,
 Or love-sick *Philomel*, whose luscious Lays
 Sooth lone Night-wanderers, the moaning Dove
 Pitied by listening Milkmaid, far excell
 The deep-mouth'd Viol, the Soul-lulling Lute,
 And Battle-breathing Trumpet. Artful Sounds !
 That please not like the Choristers of Air,
 When first they hail th' Approach of laughing *May*.

Creative *Titian*, can thy vivid Strokes,
 Or thine, O graceful *Raphael*, dare to vie
 With the rich Tints that paint the breathing Mead ?
 The thousand-colour'd Tulip, Violet's Bell
 Snow-clad and meek, the Vermil-tinctur'd Rose,
 And golden Crocus ?----Yet with these the Maid,

Phillis

Phillis or *Phæbe*, at a Feast or Wake,
 Her jetty Locks enamels; fairer she,
 In Innocence and home-spun Vestments drest,
 Than if coerulean Sapphires at her Ears
 Shone pendant, or a precious Diamond-Cross
 Heav'd gently on her panting Bosom white.

Yon' Shepherd idly stretcht on the rude Rock,
 Listening to dashing Waves, and Sea-Mews Clang
 High-hovering o'er his Head, who views beneath
 The Dolphin dancing o'er the level Brine,
 Feels more true Bliss than the proud Ammiral,
 Amid his Vessels bright with burnish'd Gold
 And filken Streamers, tho' his lordly Nod
 Ten thousand War-worn Mariners revere.
 And great *Æneas* * gaz'd with more Delight
 On the rough Mountain shagg'd with horrid Shades,
 (Where Cloud-compelling *Jove*, as Fancy dream'd,
 Descending shook his direful *Ægis* black)
 Than if he enter'd the high Capitol
 On golden Columns rear'd, a conquer'd World

Contri-

* *Æneid* VIII.

Contributing to deck its stately Head :
 More pleas'd he slept in poor *Evander's* Cott
 On shaggy Skins, lull'd by sweet Nightingales,
 Than if a *Nero*, in an Age refin'd,
 Beneath a gorgeous Canopy had plac'd
 His royal Guest, and bade his Minstrels sound
 Soft slumb'rous *Lydian* Airs to sooth his Rest.

* Happy the first of Men, ere yet confin'd
 To smoaky Cities ; who in sheltering Groves,
 Warm Caves, and deep-sunk Vallies liv'd and lov'd,
 By Cares unwounded ; what the Sun and Showers,
 And genial Earth untillag'd could produce,
 They gather'd grateful, or the Acorn brown,
 Or blushing Berry ; by the liquid Lapse

* The Author has ventur'd to take some Hints in the following Lines, from *Lucretius's* Description of the uncivilized State of Man ; which is one of the finest Pieces of Poetry extant.

Glandiferas inter curabant corpora quercus——
Quod sol atque imbres dederant, quod terra crearat
Sponte sua, satis id placebat pectora donum——
Glandiferas inter curabant corpora quercus——
Et nemora, atque cavos montes sylvasque colebant,
Et frutices inter condebant squalida membra,
Verbera ventorum vitare, imbresque coacti.

Lib. V. 940, &c.

Of murm'ring Waters call'd to slake their Thirst,
 Or with fair Nymphs their Sun-brown Limbs to bathe;
 With Nymphs who fondly clasp'd their fav'rite Youths,
 Unaw'd † by Shame, beneath the Beechen Shade,
 Nor Wiles, nor artificial Coyness knew.

Then Doors and Walls were not; the melting Maid
 Nor Frowns of Parents fear'd, nor Husband's Threats;
 Nor had curs'd Gold their tender Hearts allur'd;
Then Beauty was not venal. Injur'd Love,
 O whither, God of Raptures, art thou fled?
 While Avarice waves his golden Wand around,
 Abhor'd Magician, and his costly Cup
 Prepares with baneful Drugs, t'enchaut the Souls
 Of each low-thoughted Fair to wed for Gain.

What tho' unknown to those primæval Sires,
 The well-arch'd Dome, peopled with breathing Forms
 By fair *Italia's* skilful Hand, unknown
 The shapely Column, and the crumbling Busts

† *Tum, quibus aspirabat amor, præbebat apertè
 Mitis in umbrosâ gaudia valle Venus.
 Nullus erat custos, nulla exclusura volentes
 Janua*—————

Of awful Ancestors in long Descent?
 Yet why should Man mistaken deem it nobler
 To dwell in † Palaces, and high-rooft Halls,
 Than in God's Forests, Architect supreme!
 Say, is the *Persian* Carpet, than the Field's
 Or Meadow's Mantle gay, more richly wov'n;
 Or softer to the Votaries of Ease,
 Than bladed Grass, perfum'd with dew-dropt Flow'rs?
 O Taste corrupt! that Luxury and Pomp
 In specious Names of *polish'd Manners* veil'd,
 Should proudly banish Nature's simple Charms.
 Tho' the fierce North oft smote with Iron Whip
 Their shiv'ring Limbs, tho' oft the bristly Boar
 Or hungry Lion 'woke them with their Howls,
 And scar'd them from their Moss-grown Caves to rove,
 Houseless and cold in dark, tempestuous Nights;

† *Campestres melius Scythæ,
 Quorum plaustra vagas rite trahunt domos,
 Vivunt, & rigidi Getæ:
 Immetata quibus jugera liberas
 Fruges, & Cererem ferunt.*

HOR. Lib. III. Od. 24.

Yet † were not Myriads in embattled Fields
 Swept off at once, nor had the raving Seas
 O'erwhelm'd the foundering Bark, and helpless Crew;
 In vain the glassy Ocean smil'd to tempt
 The jolly Sailor, unsuspecting Harm,
 For Commerce was unknown. *Then* Want and Pine
 Sunk to the Grave their fainting Limbs; but *Us*
 Excess and endless Riot doom to die.
 They cropt the poisonous Herb unweetingly,
 But wiser we spontaneously provide
 Rare powerful Roots, to quench Life's chearful Lamp.

What are the Lays of artful *Addison*,
 Coldly correct, to *Shakespear's* Warblings wild?

* *Lucretius*, after beautifully describing the Evils that attended the barbarous State of Man, proceeds to speak of their Advantages, in the following Lines, which are attempted to be translated.

*At non multa virum sub signis millia ducta,
 Una dies dabat exitio, nec turbida ponti
 Aequora ladebant naves ad saxa virosque.
 Nec poterat quenquam placidi pellacia ponti
 Subdola pellicere in fraudem ridentibus undis:
 Improba navigii ratio tum seca jacebat.
 Tum penuria deinde cibi, mortalia letho
 Membra dabat; contra tunc rerum copia mersat;
 Illi imprudentes ipsis sibi saepe venenum
 Pergebant: nunc dant aliis solertius ipsi.*

Lib. V. 997.

Whom

Whom on the winding *Avon*'s willow'd Banks
 Fair Fancy found, and bore the smiling Babe
 To a close Cavern : (still the Shepherds shew
 The sacred Place, whence with religious Awe
 They hear, returning from the Field at Eve,
 Strange Whisperings of sweet Music thro' the Air)
 Here, as with Honey gather'd from the Rock,
 She fed the little Prattler, and with Songs
 Oft' sooth'd his wondering Ears, with deep Delight
 On her soft Lap he sat, and caught the Sounds.

Oft' near some crowded City would I walk,
 Listening the far-off Noises, rattling Carrs,
 Loud Shouts of Joy, sad Shrieks of Sorrow, Knells
 Full slowly tolling, Instruments of Trade,
 Striking mine Ears with one deep-swellling Hum.
 Or wandering near the Sea, attend the Sounds
 Of hollow Winds, and ever-beating Waves.
 Ev'n when wild Tempests swallow up the Plains,
 And *Boreas*' Blasts, big Hail, and Rains combine
 To shake the Groves and Mountains, would I sit,
 Pensively musing on th' outrageous Crimes

D

That

That wake Heav'n's Vengeance : at such solemn Hours,
 Dæmons and Goblins thro' the dark Air shriek,
 While *Hecat* with her black-brow'd Sisters nine,
 Rides o'er the Earth, and scatters Woes and Deaths.
 Then too, they say, in drear *Ægyptian* Wilds
 The Lion and the Tiger prowl for Prey
 With Roarings loud ! the list'ning Traveller
 Starts Fear-struck, while the hollow-echoing Vaults
 Of Pyramids encrease the deathful Sounds.

But let me never fail in cloudless Nights,
 When silent *Cynthia* in her silver Car
 Thro' the blue Concave slides, when shine the Hills,
 Twinkle the Streams, and Woods look tipt with Gold,
 To seek some level Mead, and there invoke
 Old Midnight's Sister Contemplation sage,
 (Queen of the rugged Brow, and stern-fixt Eye)
 To lift my Soul above this little Earth,
 This Folly-fetter'd World ; to purge my Ears,
 That I may hear the rolling Planets Song,
 And tuneful-turning Spheres : If this debarr'd,
 The little *Fayes* that dance in neighbouring Dales,

Sipping

Sipping the Night-dew, while they laugh and love,
 Shall charm me with aërial Notes.----- As thus
 I wander musing, lo, what awful Forms
 Yonder appear ! sharp-ey'd *Philosophy*
 Clad in dun Robes, an Eagle on his Wrist,
 First meets my Eye ; next, Virgin *Solitude*
 Serene, who blushes at each Gazer's Sight ;
 Then *Wisdom's* hoary Head, with Crutch in Hand,
 Trembling, and bent with Age ; last *Virtue's* self
 Smiling, in White array'd, who with her leads
 Fair *Innocence*, that prattles by her Side,
 A naked Boy ! -----Harrafs'd with Fear I stop,
 I gaze, when *Virtue* thus----' Whoe'er thou art,
 ' Mortal, by whom I deign to be beheld,
 ' In these my Midnight-Walks ; depart, and say
 ' That henceforth I and my immortal Train
 ' Forfake *Britannia's* Isle ; who fondly stoops
 ' To Vice, her favourite Paramour.'---She spoke,
 And as she turn'd, her round and rosy Neck,
 Her flowing Train, and long, ambrosial Hair,
 Breathing rich Odours, I enamour'd view.

O who

O who will bear me then to Western Climes,
 (Since Virtue leaves our wretched Land) to Shades
 Yet unpolluted with *Iberian* Swords ;
 With simple *Indian* Swains, that I may hunt
 The Boar and Tiger thro' *Savannah's* wild ?
 There fed on Dates and Herbs, would I despise
 The far-fetch'd Cates of Luxury, and Hoards
 Of narrow-hearted Avarice ; nor heed
 The distant Din of the tumultuous World.
 So when rude Whirlwinds rouse the roaring Main,
 Beneath fair *Thetis* sits, in coral Caves,
 Serenely gay, nor sinking Sailors Cries
 Disturb her sportive Nymphs, who round her form
 The light fantastic Dance, or for her Hair
 Weave rosy Crowns, or with according Lutes
 Grace the soft Warbles of her honied Voice.



F I N I S.

